

# The Mirror

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CATHOLIC NEW CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

THIS really handsome and interesting edifice has been built and endowed with funds for its maintenance, and for the maintenance and support of a clerical establishment in connexion with it, by two ladies (the Misses Gallini). It is situated on the west side of the Grove End Road, fronting to it, and between the St. John's Wood and the Lodge Roads, to both of which its flanks present themselves respectively. The above view presents the west or entrance front, and the south flank and transept.

The fact that the ground upon which the church is built formerly belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (whence the name, *St. John's Wood*), whose predecessors, the Knights Templars, had held the same estates, and built the well-known Temple Church, seems to have suggested to the architect the form of this structure as a prototype, though he has availed himself also of some of the features of the Lady Chapel, of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in composing the new edifice.

The western and principal front of this

edifice is divided into three compartments, in conformity with the style of the cited examples, which is that of the first period of pointed architecture, whose date is the thirteenth century. The central compartment, fronting the nave, projects about 10 feet, and is flanked, or terminated laterally, by octagonal pinnacled turrets, which run up to a height of 60 feet, and is itself surmounted by a gable, the acroterium of which is formed by a cross, similar to the cross at the east end of Salisbury Cathedral. The grand entrance door is in this compartment of the front, and above it there is a triple, lancet-headed window, whilst the lower part of the gable is occupied by a circular or Catherine wheel window, above which is a panel with a monogram of the founders immediately under the acroteral cross. The middle bay of the triple window rises above the other two, and thus adapts itself better to the arched and groined ceiling within. The outer compartments of the front, being the front of the aisles, have doors opening into them, and single lancet windows, and their gables are surmounted by

peculiarly formed ornamented crosses, taken from a rare example of the thirteenth century found in Normandy, and smaller pinnacled turrets rise out of the buttresses on their outer angles.

It is not too much to say of this front, that it is one of the best modern adaptations of the materials furnished by our ancient ecclesiastical architecture that London presents, and that whilst the style is strictly adhered to, the composition is original, though the materials are for the most part taken from existing examples.

Returning eastward, the flanks of the aisles are divided into bays by bold canopied buttresses, with lofty and narrow lancet-headed windows between them, and the slightly overhanging parapet is supported by corbels of varied forms. This last arrangement is carried into the returning flanks of the transepts, with slight modifications in the basement to fit these parts for the purpose to which they are devoted internally; and their ends, or the north and south fronts, partake of the character of the central compartment of the western front, with the smaller turrets of the outer angles repeated, whilst canopied niches, containing sculptured groups of the Madonna and Child, form the acroteria of the gables. The rear, or east front, of the edifice, is generally similar to the western, but without any projection of the central compartment, and without angle turrets. The exterior facing is of fine, white brick, with Bath stone for the decorations and dressings.

Although the building externally presents a cruciform appearance, the body of the church consists of nave and aisles alone, the transepts being arranged as dwellings, one of them forming a house for the founders, and the other a residence for the clergy; the separation is, however, very well masked on the inside of the church by private or choral galleries, before which curtains are drawn. The transepts may, nevertheless, at any future time, should an increasing congregation require it, be thrown into the church, and at a very trifling expense.

The aisles are formed, on either side of the nave, by moulded piers with slender detached cylindrical shafts, or columns, on their angles, to complete the composition; and from the heads of these the acutely arched and groined ceiling springs, and forms a triple series, those of the aisles resting their outer legs on semi-piers, against the walls. The groinings are ribbed, and rich bosses cover the intersections of the ribs.

The high altar is in the transeptal compartment of the nave, raised on a platform, to which a flight of steps give access, and it is backed by a rich oaken screen, which incloses the rearmost bay or compartment below, in the manner of the ancient presbytery, but

in this case yielding rooms for sacristies and vestries.

The principal window of the east end runs its central compartment high above the others, as before described, to occupy the otherwise blank end of the arched ceiling of the nave. The whole of this window is to be filled with stained glass bearing various devices.

Over the entrance-lobby is the organ-loft; and a slightly projecting gallery, within the body of the church, before the organ, will be appropriated to the choir.

The length of the church within the nave is 110 ft., that of the aisles is 99 ft. 6 in., the difference being in the projection of the central compartment of the western front. The extreme transverse length, within the walls, is 113 ft.; the breadth of the body of the church 43 ft. 6 in., the nave being 20 ft. wide to the centre of the pillars, or columned piers, and the aisles of course each 11 ft. 9 in. to the same line. The groined ceiling springs from the walls and pillars at a height of 20 ft. from the floor; and the height from the floor to the intersection at the apex, over the nave, is 34 feet; the engraving at page 424 shows the interior, eastward. The architect, to whom the design and execution of the work was intrusted, is Mr. Scoles.\*

\* From the Companion to the Almanac for 1835.

### Anecdote Gallery.

#### LADY MARGARET MONTGOMERY.

THIS lady was grandmother to the late Lord Macdonald, (of the Isles,) who used to relate of her the following anecdote, which we are not aware has yet been published:—

Lady M. Montgomery was far advanced in years, when the Scottish civil war took place in behalf of the Pretender:—she even ventured to shelter under her roof, the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward, who was one day sitting with her, when the house was surrounded on a sudden by the English soldiers sent in search of him. The venerable lady, with admirable courage and presence of mind, bade the Prince come under the gown, or fardingale, which she wore; he crept close to her feet; she spread its ample folds over him, and undauntedly awaited the entrance of the soldiers, who, in place of a prisoner, only beheld a majestic, old lady, looking extremely awful, and ensconced in a barricade of petticoat. Lady Margaret demanded sternly what they wanted, adding:—"But weel, weel do I ken:—search the hoose then, gentlemen—search the hoose an ye will; but tak' tent o' harrying an auld body like me, o' the verge o' the grave.—Deed! and I'd be gleg ta see, wha'd daur be meddlin' wi' me!"—The officer commanding the party assured Lady Margaret that her rank, sex, and years protected her from all

personal molestation; that whilst he and his men searched her house, she might remain undisturbed where she was, and that, in the exercise of his unpleasant duty, the safety of her property should be regarded. The venerable lady bowed her thanks with an air, which gave them to understand, nevertheless, that she was little pleased by their intrusion, and still less by the suspicion which attached to her of harbouring the royal fugitive. The soldiers proceeded to discharge their duty; nothing in the mansion induced an idea of the presence there of the young Pretender,—and, when they had departed, he emerged from his singular hiding-place, in no fear of another surprise.

#### M. DUFIEF AND MADEMOISELLE MARS.

THE late M. Dufief was a wag in his way, and one of his stories in proof of it, we will endeavour to give; though, indeed, the cream of the jest lay in his manner of relating it.

Speaking one day of Mlle. Mars, the celebrated actress:—"I have the honour," said he, "of being personally acquainted with her. When introduced to her, a *little* story I then told her—a story of interest, that was, in part, *nothing* at all but a *story*, and which made her regard me favourably. You have heard, *sans doute*, of the Upas-tree of Java, and that the Javanese poison their *creese*, or arrows with its juices:—well, a Javanese prince presented a friend of mine with half a dozen of these poisoned darts; they were beautifully wrought, but highly dangerous; I was present at some experiments made with them upon animals, and when I told her what effect they produced on rabbits and fowls, I saw she looked pale, and grieved: so I said,—but it was not true, only a *little ruse* of mine for *theatrical effect*—At last, it came to the turn of the most beautiful, little dog you ever did see, to be poisoned: the physician took it up in his arms, and the operator approached it with the arrow"—(here Mlle. Mars looked ready to faint, and in an agony of horror; so I went on thus:)—"But I could not permit the pretty, little dog to be murdered, and throwing myself between it and destruction, I begged his life, and obtained it."—Upon hearing this, Mlle. Mars actually flew to me, and violently shaking the hand of so great a *hero*, (hah! hah! ha! ha!) asked me to dinner, which invitation, as I did not deserve it, I could not then accept. Talma introduced me to her—Talma, my great friend, who embraced me warmly when he first saw me, and said many handsome things of my works.—I did not tell you that Mlle. Mars embraced me, because you English don't understand the thing; but she did, for it is the custom of our country, and, therefore, as we say—*N'importe*."

#### EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

THE well at Carisbrook Castle is extremely deep, and unusually large; the bucket-beam very low, and the roofing of rock which hangs over the latter, droops down very near it, so that, to leap across the well was always reckoned impracticable; because to pass over or under the beam, rendered almost inevitable a fracture of the skull against it or the rock. Nevertheless, this hazardous feat was actually performed, above thirty years ago, by an officer, (we believe the present active General Mackinnon, but are not certain; it was one of his name,) who was at Carisbrook. Suddenly, whilst looking at the well, it came into his head to leap across it, which he did, without previously consulting his alarmed guide; and landed safely on the other side. But, when made sensible of the danger he had wantonly incurred, and providentially escaped, Colonel Mackinnon was terror-struck; and he gazed upon the beam and rock above, and into the "deep profound" below, with sensations which, had they pervaded his mind when he performed one of the most extraordinary feats of agility on record, would have effectually precluded him from accomplishing it in safety. Under Providence, his preservation, like that of the unconscious somnambulist, was owing to his ignorance of the terrible risk he incurred.

M. L. B.

#### The Naturalist.

##### THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE.

THE following extract from an officer's journal, relating the manner of taking the caoutchou or milk from the India-rubber tree, is from the *Nautical Magazine*:—

The India-rubber tree abounds in the province of Para, on the north coast of Brazil. It would be difficult to get a correct notion of the quantity of milk which might be obtained, or of the space occupied by the forests; but there are certainly from nine to ten thousand Indians always employed in taking it. The trees which I saw were about sixty feet high, and from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, and entirely free from branches, or even knots, until near the top, when they branched out, and produced a fruit. They were growing indiscriminately among trees of all sorts: in fact, they were in the midst of a dense forest, and near swampy ground. For a long time after the milk was brought into general use for manufacturing purposes, the trees were cut down to procure it, for the Indians were not aware that by the process of bleeding or tapping them, they might be made to render as much milk, and that this might be repeated yearly. Indeed, this operation, to a certain extent, is said to be wholesome or necessary to the tree, which, if

left untouched for a long time, refuses to yield milk.

The manner of procuring it is as follows:—Taking a quantity of soft clay with them, and each man being provided with a sword not very unlike a ship's cutlass, a party of Indians proceed to the woods. They make cuts in several places on each seranga or India-rubber tree they come to, and form the clay they have with them into little cups round each wound in the tree, the milk of which immediately begins to appear, oozing out faster or slower according to its worth. The party go on in this way searching for trees, leaving some of their number occasionally behind, who collect the milk from the small ones into larger clay bowls. In general, the moulds to which the caoutchou is to be applied, are carried out with them; at all events, it must be used within twenty-four hours after it has been procured, otherwise it becomes dry and hard. The process of modelling is performed by dipping; when the substance is dry, the models, which are of clay like the cups, are broken and shaken away from the inside. Thus, do we want a pair of shoes to fit feet for which nature has not done much? We repair to the Hoby of Para, who models a lump, or two lumps of clay, to represent our unfortunate bumps or instep; he sends these unsightly structures by his trusty servants, to the forest; they are dipped some three or four times, at intervals of about five minutes, and brought home again, where they hang up at the shop-door from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, until in short, they acquire a sufficient hardness, when they are handed over to their happy purchaser, at the rate of from eighteen pence to half-a-crown the pair; an illustration of how art may overcome nature.

The common use for which the caoutchou is applied, is for shoes, great quantities of which are taken to the American market, the inhabitants of some provinces of the Union being very partial to them. They are always worn over leathern ones in this country, but I believe not in America. The town of Para, which contains a population of about 30,000 souls, is only curious from the appearance which the India-rubber shops make in it. The shoes may be seen strung together by thousands, and of hues varying from the dingy yellow to the jet black, according to the goodness of the material or the length of time they have been hanging up. Here and there also may be seen doll figures of monkeys, or other animals, formed in the same manner, and made as playthings for children.

The caoutchou is also used to render cotton garments impervious to wet, and as such finds a great demand in England. Rope is also manufactured with it, instead of tar, the flax being the tender leaf of the plantain tree.

In all its different shapes, Para perhaps exports nearly 1,500 tons of Indian-rubber annually.

There is no doubt that much more advantage might be derived from it than is at present, if an easy and cheap way of keeping it in a liquid state could be discovered. The expense of using it in England arises solely from this cause. The largest manufactory in this country, where it is used in making rope, and for other manufacturing purposes, is said to be at Grimsby, under the superintendence of Captain Harris, of the Navy.

It may be not irrelevant to observe, so great is the present consumption of caoutchou, that several thousand tons of it have been imported during the few early months of the current year, while, five or six years ago, it scarcely formed a noticeable entry in our books of customs; and, half a century back, its existence was scarcely known. The first public mention of caoutchou, or as it was then called, India-rubber, which name it still retains, although it is now but seldom used by artists, is in a note, added by Dr. Priestley to the Preface of his "Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Perspective," dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and published in 1770. He says, "Since this work was printed off, I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a black-lead pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practise drawing. It is sold by Mr. Nairne, mathematical instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece of half an inch for three shillings, and he says it will last for several years."—Now it is imported by tons, and sells at from 2d. to 6d. per lb.

#### LARGE TREES.

PROFESSOR BURNETT observes in his *Outlines of Botany*:—"Few persons, indeed, save those to whom habit has rendered it familiar, form any thing like just estimates of the actual size of trees. The situations in which they commonly are seen, harmonizing with the illimitable expanse of heaven, and the wide extent of forest scenery or of mountain heights, lessen ideally their apparent bulk; nor is it till singled from the surrounding landscape, nor even then, until the theodolite and rule proclaim their sums, that we become persuaded of their vast extent. Nay, figures themselves, to the generality of the world, convey but very imperfect conceptions of length, and breadth, and height, and girth: some more familiar representations are wanted to prove that a majestic tree, which is only in moderate proportion as an ornament to nature in the country, is really an enormous mass, and would be esteemed a large and glorious structure amongst the dwellings and

palaces of men, in town. It is by comparing these forest-kings with more homely objects, that we alone become acquainted with their correct capacity. When seeing an oak seven feet in diameter, its size arrests not our attention; we even pass with little thought such as hold ten or twelve feet across, or more, although the smallest of these has a width as great as the carriage-way of Fetter-lane, near Temple-bar, or of Bedford-street, in the Strand. Oaks could be named which would suffer two broad-wheeled wagons to pass each other on the kerf; the stub of one has been described on which two men could thresh, without incommoding each other; and this was not one of the largest size. The chapel-oak of Allouville, not half so large as our Cowthorpe tree, is of equal size with the famous Greendale oak, the trunk of which is pierced by a road, over which it forms a triumphal arch, higher by several inches than the entrance to Westminster Abbey, (the Poets' Postern,) and under which men on horseback pass, and through which carriages have been driven

"The area occupied by the Cowthorpe oak,\* where the trunk enters the soil, exceeds the groundplot of that majestic column, of which an oak is confessed to have been the prototype, viz., Smeaton's Eddystone lighthouse. Sections of the stem of the one would, at several heights, nearly correspond with sections of the curved and cylindrical portions of the other. A chamber of equal extent, or larger than either of those in the lighthouse, might be hollowed out of its trunk; the natural caverns in Damery's and other oaks, were larger than the chambers alluded to; and transverse slices of the stem would be considerably too large to floor any of them. Arthur's round table, which is a plank from such an oak, would form for it an entire roof, or projecting capital: indeed, upon this table there might be built a round church, as large as that of St. Lawrence before referred to, and space to spare; so that, if the extent of the sapwood were added, or the groundplot of the Cowthorpe oak were substituted for the table, there would be plenty of room, not only to build the parish-church, but also to allow enough for a small cemetery beside. Indeed, with reference to this last-named oak, and also the tree-castles and tree-chapel, it may be observed, that St. Bartholomew's, in the hamlet of Kingsland, between London and Hackney, which, besides the ordinary furniture of a place of religious worship, viz. desks for the minister and clerk, altar, staircase, stove, &c., has pews and seats for one hundred and twenty persons; upwards of one hundred have been in it at the same time; and some months since, myself made one of a congregation there assembled of nearly eighty persons,

(seventy-six or seventy-seven were counted,) when the pews were by no means crowded, and plenty of room left vacant. Still this chapel is nearly nine feet less in width, and only seventeen inches more in length, than the groundplot of the Cowthorpe oak: in fact, the tree occupies upwards of thirty square feet surface more than does the chapel. Or, to take another illustration, in Little White Lion-street, Long-acre, the inspectors of a district visiting society found, some months ago, a house, the internal area of which is only twelve feet by twenty-four, (not half that of the Cowthorpe oak, which is twenty-six feet in diameter,) containing nine small rooms, in which there dwelt—i. e. eat, drank, and slept, and did all that poor mortality requires,—no less than eleven men, thirteen women, and sixty-nine children, making a total of ninety-three human beings, who have been crowded into less space than is enjoyed by a single tree, (*Amœnitates Quernœ.*)"

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### SPINNING YARN.

THE following are the processes of spinning worsted and lambs' wool—worsted yarn being spun from what is called long wool, which is produced exclusively in England: lambs' wool yarn is spun from short wool, and also from the refuse of the long wool after it has passed through the hands of the combers. Long wool is first washed and dried; the washing is performed by men, boys attend them to convey the wool to the drying-room, where it is spread out upon the floor. This room is kept at a very high temperature, but the boys remain in it a very inconsiderable time. The wool is then removed to the *plucker*, an instrument by which its fibres are straightened to prepare it for the card. For some descriptions of work it is combed instead of carded; combing is performed by manual labour, in close, hot rooms, for stoves are necessary to keep the combs hot; it is a very laborious employment. Cards, however, are gaining ground upon the combs. The cards are worked by machinery; and are tended by children, who are either *feeders*, to supply the washed wool, or *doffers*, who receive the wool from the drawing head in the shape of a loose, untwisted rope or sliver. This part of the work is that in which employment is generally found for the youngest children in the worsted factories. The wool is then removed to the *bobbin-frame*, where it receives its first twist; and, from this point, the principle of the machinery remains the same, to the finest thread that can be drawn. The untwisted rope of wool, technically called *open drawing*, is introduced by its end between two pairs of rollers, the second pair revolving faster than the first; the conse-

\* Engraved in the Mirror, vol. xxv., p. 24.

quence of which is, that the thread is necessarily drawn out, and a greater or less degree of twist, according to the stage of the manufacture. The business of the attendant on the bobbin-frame, is to join the beginning of one open drawing to the end of the preceding, and to remove the spindles when full. After this process has been repeated four times, the drawings are called *rovings*, and from the roving frame, the thread is removed to the *spinning* frames, which, though distinguished by a separate name, do not differ essentially from the drawing and roving frames. The spinning frames, however, require more care; they are attended by girls of between sixteen and twenty, who earn, (in Leicester,) from nine to ten shillings per week. The others are paid from six to seven shillings per week, according to their proficiency.

The process we have described belongs to long wool, where it is of importance to straighten the fibres; in short wool, on the contrary, it is necessary to break the fibres, and, for this purpose, the wool is exposed to the action of spikes revolving in a box with great rapidity. This machine, called the *Shakevilly*, appears very formidable to a stranger, and the workmen vulgarly term it the *Devil*. Wool is introduced into the Shakevilly while the machine is in motion; and several serious accidents have occurred from want of caution.

The wool is then placed on the *scribbler*, a machine by which it is oiled and carded; thence it passes to the *carding machine*, which is so contrived that the wool is finally doffed in disconnected layers. These layers pass under a fluted roller, which rolls each up into a cylindrical form, in which state they are called *cardings*.

The cardings, as they fall from the machine, are collected by children called *pieceners*, whose business it is to piece or join the cardings together, for the purpose of being drawn into a continuous thread. The frame at which this is done is called a *slubbing billy*, and the man who performs it a *slubber*. There is nothing similar to the process of slubbing in the worsted and cotton manufactories, and it is necessary to bear this in mind, for it will presently appear that in this process, children are more liable to be overworked and cruelly treated than in any other species of factory employment.

The billy is not worked by machinery; the speed and continuance of its labour are entirely at the option of the slubber. There are generally sixty spindles, one slubber and four pieceners belonging to each billy. The little pieceners take the cardings, and place them on a low, sloping board, called the *billy-board*, joining the ends together by rolling them with the palms of their hands, each child bringing fifteen cardings at a

time. The billy has an oscillating motion through a space called the *billy-gate*; it is set going by a fly-wheel, which the slubber turns with his right hand while he governs the frame with his left. If the work goes on regularly, the children have ample time to piece their fifteen ends; but if this be done incompletely, defects called *flies* are produced on the slubbing; and if any end be left unjoined, the ends are said to be *let up*, which, of course, causes delay. The slubber is provided with a strap to punish the pieceners in case of neglect, but he not unfrequently uses the billy-roller, which is easily detached, and inflicts a very severe blow. If the slubber be disposed to leave his work, as many do for an hour together, the cardings accumulate with great rapidity, and are piled by the children in stacks. When the slubber returns, he sets to work more violently than common, in order to overtake the card; the children have to continue piling the cardings, constantly thrown off by the machine, and, at the same time, to piece their ends with double rapidity. On these occasions, the labour of the children becomes very severe, and their unavoidable faults incur cruel punishment.\*

From the slubber, the yarn goes to the *spinner*, who works at a frame called a *jenny*, by which the yarn is spun finer. The spinners are usually men.

The dressing and finishing of cloth is a business totally distinct from the manufacture of woollen yarn: the power-loom is scarcely known in the cloth trade, and when used, it is for the coarse description of goods. There is no uniformity in the employment of hand-weavers: in some factories they weave, dress, and finish cloth from all the yarn they spin; others sell their yarn, or give it out to the weavers; others manufacture nothing themselves, but purchase the cloth ready woven to dress and finish.

No female children are employed in finishing cloth, and very few little boys. The boys are principally employed in *carping*, that is, preparing teazles for the workmen, and pressing, that is, cleaning and drying the teazle rods and handles. The teazles are fixed to rods inserted in large cylinders, called *gigs*; these, as they revolve, raise a nap on the cloth, which is made to pass over them. A constant jet of water is kept on the cloth during this process, and the rooms in which it is carried on, are, consequently, wet and disagreeable. There is no need of describing processes so generally known as weaving, scouring, dyeing, and cutting.

The only branches of cloth-finishing in

\* Dr. Ure informs us that a slubbing machine has been invented, by which the pieceners will be emancipated from the capricious tyranny of the slubbers. We hope it will succeed.



which females are employed, are *brushing* and *burling*. Brushing needs no explanation. Burling is the removal, by hand, of any extraneous substance, or roughness, either left by the weaver, or introduced into the cloth during any subsequent operation. The brushers and burlers are generally young women from seventeen to eighteen or upwards.\*

\* Athenæum Review of Dr. Ure's Philosophy of Manufactures.

## Manners and Customs.

### CHRISTMAS.

#### *The Lord of Misrule—Mumming.*

IN the fifth year of Edward VI., at Christmas time, George Ferrars, who was a lawyer, a poet, and an historian, was appointed by the council to the office of Lord of Misrule. This gentleman, (says Holinshed,) being of better calling than commonly his predecessors had been before, received all his commissions and warrants, by the name of Master of the King's Pastimes; and he so well supplied his office, both of show and sundry sights, and dances, and rare inventions, and in divers interludes and matters of pastime, played by persons, as not only to satisfy the common sort, but also very well liked and allowed by the council, and others of skill in like pastimes, but best by the young king himself, as appeared by his princely liberality in rewarding that service.

This master of merry disports was not confined to the court, nor to the houses of the opulent; he was selected in various parishes, where his reign seems to have been of shorter date. A writer who lived in the sixteenth century, gives the following description of this whimsical person and his followers:—"First of all the wild heads of the parish flocking together, choose them a grand Captain of Mischief, whom they innoble with the title of Lord of Misrule: and then they crown him with great solemnity, and adopt him for their king. This king anointed, chooseth forth twenty, forty, threescore, or an hundred lusty bellies like himself, to wait upon his lord's majesty, and to guard his noble person. Then every one of these men he investeth with his liveries of green, yellow, or some other light colour, and as though they were not gaudy enough, they then bedeck themselves with scarfs, ribbons, and laces, hung all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie about either leg twenty or forty bells, have rich handkerchiefs in their hands, and some laid across over their shoulders and necks. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their pipers and drummers. Then march this company towards the church, their pipers and drummers playing, their feet dancing, their bells jingling, their handker-

chiefs fluttering about their heads like madmen, their hobby-horses, and other monsters, skirmishing among the throng; and in this sort they go to church, though the minister be at prayer or preaching, dancing and singing, with such a confused noise, that no man can hear his own voice. Then the foolish people, they look, they stare, they laugh, they flee, and mount upon the forms and pews to see the goodly pageants solemnized. Then, after this, about they go again and again, and so forth into the churchyard, where they have commonly their summer halls, their bowers, arbours, and banquetting houses set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and dance all that day, and, peradventure, all that night too. And for the further innobling of this honourable Lord of Misrule and his complices, some of the people give bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custards, some cracknels, some cakes, some flauns, some tarts, some cream, some meat, some one thing, and some another."

The practice of mumming is still kept up on Christmas-eve in the counties of Wilts and Somerset, where the mummers go round to the houses of the neighbouring gentlemen. The characters of their drama are five, which are performed by four men and a boy. The former wear grotesque dresses, and sometimes masks; while the latter is stuffed so as to appear to be humpbacked, and probably was intended to represent a dwarf. All five carry wooden swords. The performance begins by the entry of old Father Christmas, who recites some appropriate verses as he keeps walking in a circle; after which the character of Mince-pie enters, saying how essential he is to the approaching festivity. Then a Soldier is introduced, who having recited some verses of not a very pacific kind, begins to fight with Mince-pie. They combat with their wooden swords with considerable spirit, until the soldier being killed, falls flat on his back, when the fourth character, the Doctor, enters and restores him to life: then the four march in a circle, and the Dwarf, with three dolls strapped at his back, introduces himself, and informs the company that he is Little Jack, with his wife and family at his back. The five performers then sing a hymn, and having received the accustomed largess, they depart.

The Society belonging to Lincoln's Inn, had anciently an officer chosen at this season, who was honoured with the title of King of Christmas-day, because he presided in the hall upon that day; and this temporary potentate had a marshal and a steward to attend upon him. The marshal, in the absence of the monarch, was permitted to assume his state; and upon New Year's Day he sat as king in the hall, when the master of the revels, during the time of dining, supplied the marshal's place.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHOLIC NEW CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD: see page 417.

In the island of Scilly, at this season, the young people exercise a kind of gallantry, called goose-dancing, when the maidens are dressed up for young men, and the young men for maidens. Thus disguised, they visit their neighbours in companies, where they dance and are jocose upon what has happened in the island; by which sport, according to yearly custom and toleration, there is a spirit of wit and drollery kept up among the people. When the music and dancing cease, they regale themselves, and proceed to the next house of entertainment.

#### *Wassailing.*

There cannot be the smallest doubt, (says Mr. Douce,) that the term Wassail is to be sought for in the well-known story of Vortigern and Rowena, or Ronix, the daughter of Hengist; the earliest authority for which is that of Walter Calenius, who supplied the materials for Geoffrey of Monmouth's history. He relates, that on Vortigern's first interview with the lady, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said to him—"Lord King, *wacht heil*;" or in purer Saxon, *was heol*, literally be health, or health to you. As the king was unacquainted with the Saxon language, he inquired the meaning

of these words, and being told that they wished him health, and that he should answer them by saying "*drinc heil*;" he did so, and commanded Rowena to drink. Then taking the cup from her hand, he kissed the damsel and pledged her. The historian adds, that from that time to his own, the custom remained in Britain, that whoever drank to another at a feast, said, *wacht heil*, and he that immediately after received the cup, answered *drinc heil*. Robert of Brunne, in translating this part of Geoffrey of Monmouth, has preserved a curious addition to it: he states that Vortigern, not comprehending the words of Rowena, demanded their meaning from one of his Britons, who immediately explained to him the Saxon custom as follows:

This is ther custom and ther gest,  
Whan thei are at the ale or fest,  
Ilk man that loves qware him think,  
Sall say *Wosseille*, and to him drink.  
He that bids, sall say *Wassail*;  
The tother sall say again *Drinkheille*.  
That said *Wosseille* drinokes of the cup,  
Kissand his felow he gives it up;  
*Drinkheille*, he said, and drinokes thereof,  
Kissand him in bound and skof.  
The King said as the knight gan ken  
*Drinkheille*, smiland on Rouwen,  
Rouwen drink as hire list,  
And gave the King, sine him kist.



There was the first wassail in dede,  
 And that first of fame yede;  
 Of that wassail men told grete tale,  
 And wassail whan thei were at ale;  
 And drinkeille to them that drank:  
 Thus was wassail tane to thank.

It is not improbable, but the story of Vortigern has furnished the origin of the words *wæs hæf* and *drinc hæf*, as used at convivial meetings in this country; for whatever may have been said or imagined concerning any previous custom of health-drinking among the Saxons, or other German nations, it is certain that no equivalent term with our wassail is to be found in any of the Teutonic dialects.

#### *Evergreens—Mistletoe—Waits—Carols.*

Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, vacation from business, merriment, and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played, served as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every act conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter.

"The custom of Christians decorating churches and houses with evergreens appears to have been copied from the Pagans. It is related, (says Dr. Chandler,) that when Druidism prevailed, the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the Sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain untroubled with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abode."—"Against the feast of Christmas, (says Stow), every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holme and ivy, bays, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished."—"The custom of adorning windows at Christmas with bay and laurel, (says Bourn), is but seldom used in the north; but in the south, particularly the universities, it is very common, not only to deck the common windows of the town, but also the chapels of the colleges with branches of laurel, which was used by the ancient Romans as the emblems of peace, joy, and victory. In the Christian sense, it may be applied to the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the coming of Christ."

"The mistletoe, (says Brand), never entered sacred edifices but by mistake, or ignorance of the sextons; it being the heathenish and profane plant, which was in such distinction in the Pagan rites of Druidism. It had its place assigned it in the kitchens, where it

was hung up in great state, with its pearl-like berries; and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young men present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss." This custom is continued to the present day in Shropshire. Sir John Coldbatch, in his dissertation on the mistletoe, which he strongly recommends as a medicine very likely to subdue, not only the epilepsy, but all other convulsive disorders, observes, "that this beautiful plant must have been designed by the Almighty for further and more noble purposes than barely to feed thrushes, or hang up superstitiously in houses to drive away evil spirits." The high veneration in which the Druids were anciently held by people of all ranks, proceeded in a great degree from the cures they wrought by means of the mistletoe of the oak, this tree being sacred to them, but none so that had not the mistletoe upon it. "At this season of the year, (says Stukeley,) was the most respectable festival of our Druids, called Yuletide; when mistletoe, which they called all-heal, was carried in their hands and laid on their altars, as an emblem of the salutiferous advent of the Messiah. The mistletoe they cut off the trees with their upright hatchets of brass, called celts, put upon the ends of their staffs, which they carried in their hands. Innumerable are these instruments found all over the British isles."

"From the following extract from a late number of the York Herald, for which we are indebted to Mr. Jabez Allies, it is not improbable that the mistletoe was used by the Druids in the rites of sepulture; an opinion which, perhaps, derives some support from a passage in the *Æneid* of Virgil. It appears that a tumulus had been opened at Gristhorpe, in which some human bones were found. 'Since the opening of the tumulus at Gristhorpe, the human bones found in the coffin have been articulated by two medical men in Scarborough, and now form a superb skeleton, about six feet in height, and, except two or three of the smallest phalanges, perfect in all its parts. Near the entrance into the museum, a sarcophagus has been erected for the protection of the rude coffin. Some of the substance found in the coffin, resembling decomposed rushes, has been macerated, and when expanded, presents the long lanceolate leaf of the mistletoe, which has doubtless been placed there in observance of some religious custom. There is every reason to suppose that the person was a hunting chieftain of the powerful tribe of the Brigantes, before the invasion of the Romans drove them from their peaceful mode of life.'

"The mistletoe was considered by the Druids to be a remedy for all diseases. Its virtues as a medicine were no less celebrated in later times, (see Ray,) and it has been variously

employed in epilepsy, in apoplexy, in giddiness, and other diseases. For these purposes the mistletoe of the oak was the most esteemed; and when this could not be obtained, that of the hazel.\* In modern times, however, its medical reputation has dwindled into insignificance; and the only real use to which it has been applied is the making of bird-lime. In this process the berries are boiled in a small portion of vegetable oil, and their glutinous properties render them well adapted to the purpose."

"Its chief employment, however, in the present day, is in co-junction with the ever-green and scarlet-berried holly, to decorate the houses during the winter months,—a custom which, as it appears from traditional accounts, has arisen from an old superstition that over the threshold where the holly and the mistletoe are found, there no evil spirit dares to tread. We need not remind the society that, in the halls of many an ancient mansion, and in the kitchens of our yeomanry, nay sometimes also in the drawing-rooms of the learned and the wise, the mistletoe bush is still hung up to grace the festivities of a season in which families and friends are accustomed to unite around the social hearth. As a harbinger of this period of kindly intercourse, now that all superstitious feeling has long since gone by, we cannot hesitate to say

"Welcome here!  
Bring the hallow'd Mistletoe,  
Shake aloft the holly bough,  
Bid the wood fire brighter glow;  
Hail new year."†

Waits at Christmas are derived from those choirs of angels that attended the birth of Christ; in imitation of which, the shepherds in ancient times used to usher in Christmas with music and carols: the pastorals, or rural music, performed by the Calabrian shepherds on bagpipes, are of this nature.

"The practice of singing canticles, or carols, in the vulgar tongue, on Christmas-eve, and thence called *noëls*, in the country churches of France, (says Dr. Burney,) had its origin about the time that the common people ceased to understand Latin." The word *noël* is derived from *natalis*, and signified, originally, a cry of joy.

At Ripon, in Yorkshire, on Christmas-day, the singing-boys come into the church with large baskets full of red apples, with a sprig of rosemary stuck in each, which they present to the congregation, and are rewarded with a small sum of money.

In the reign of Queen Anne, an independent gentleman, of three hundred pounds a year, never played at cards but at Christmas, when the family pack was produced from the mantel-piece. His chief drink, the year round, was generally ale, except at Christmas time, when he would make a bowl of strong

brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. In the corner of his hall, by the fire-side, stood a large, wooden, two-armed chair, with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. There, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants, assembled round a glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs; and, while the joy of all was in continual circulation, told and heard the traditionary tales of the village.

W. G. C.

## New Books.

MARGARET RAVENSCROFT.

(Concluded from page 413.)

### *Murder by Banditti.*

It was near noon when the travellers reached their halting-place, a low, grey, solitary building, in a sheltered hollow, on the banks of a mountain stream. The aspect of the surrounding country was rude and melancholy, but destitute of grandeur. Precipices and forests there were none; nor was the valley fertile, or the pastures green. Steep, shingly slopes conducted the eye to heights bleak and bare, suggesting ideas of coldness and discomfort,—there was the barrenness, without the sublimity of the desert,—it seemed not as if nature were dead,—for there is terror in death,—but worn out, decrepit, hobbling on her last legs. There was nothing to dread, or to admire, or to be pleased with; and Ambrogio's mill, as if to be in harmony with the rest of the landscape, presented the same characteristics. Corn was no longer ground here. The mill-pond, choked up with mud and gravel, brought down in winter by torrents from the mountains, was covered with aquatic plants, and patches of that green crust which mantles the standing pool. Nor did the mill itself exhibit marks of greater care. The wheels were decayed, black, overgrown with dank moss, and the water, which still flowed through the rotten trough, came splashing down through rents in their sides; and, instead of a mealy floor, cheerful-looking flour-sacks, and jolly faces powdered like the ranunculus, there was a snake's nest in the bin, and spotted toads rolled forth from under the millstone.

On entering the house, however, where Ambrogio met them at the door, Paolo observed appearances of something like wealth. The miller himself, who seemed to be a descendant of the pygmies, looked like a thriving man, both in face and costume; his cheeks being full and rosy, and his garments, though somewhat original in make, such as a man of warm purse might be supposed to wear on a holiday. He had on, a short-skirted coat, and breeches of coarse black velvet, tricked out with mother-of-pearl buttons large as half-crown pieces; a red plush

\* Rail Syn.

† Analyst, No. vi.

waistcoat, an English silk handkerchief about his neck, and a watch like a mariner's compass in his fob. The son, a lad of about twelve years old, was arrayed in precisely the same style.

The party clustered round the kitchen fire, but Abednego insisted on having his baggage conveyed into a little room, where, there being no lock to the door, he remained shivering over his wealth, while the priest and his companions were clustering around the blazing chimney, talking and laughing over the adventures of the night. Paolo, concerned at the unhappy avarice of the Jew, now observed to the farmer, who stood silent and thoughtful in the chimney-corner, that it were best, perhaps, to press him further, and assure him there was nothing to fear.

"Let the misbelieving miser alone," he replied. "His room is better than his company."

"But you will eat with us?" said Paolo, "for you stand in need of refreshment."

"You are kind," answered Abednego, "to take so much interest in one of my religion. But our travelling companions share not your sentiments. They behold me with an evil eye,—more particularly that old soldier, who calls himself a farmer; and therefore I will eat my morsel alone."

Abednego is, however, over-persuaded, and joins the party at supper, after which all retire.

It was the design of the muleteers, who lay in the straw beside their mules, to remain at the mill till towards morning, when, both themselves and their cattle being refreshed, they purposed renewing their journey. Some time, late in the night, Buonaventuro awaking, opened the stable-door, and went forth to discover, by the position of the Great Bear, whether it were yet time to depart. He walked round by the old mill-pond, scrutinizing with a practised eye the appearance of the heavens, where cold ragged clouds drove rapidly along, alternately obscuring and revealing the stars. The wind, sweeping in fitful gusts down the valley, whirled about the fallen leaves, or moaned among the walls of the dilapidated mill. There was something dismal in the whole scene. Buonaventuro felt an involuntary dread creep over him, as he gazed around, and, invoking his patron saint, was about to return to the stable, when something like a whisper, issuing from the mill, smote upon his ear. He paused to listen. Unintermittingly the water splashed through the broken wheels, and fell, with a melancholy sound, into the black trough below, where, even by day, the eye was unable to discover the bottom; but, mingling with this murmur, by which it was sometimes drowned, he could ever and anon distinguish the hum of many voices engaged in earnest

discourse. What could they be doing there? Fear came upon him; he looked around, to observe whether the way was clear, and was about to fly; but, might it not import him to know who and what they could be, and for what purpose assembled? His curiosity was roused, and on tiptoe, with beating heart, and eyes and ears vigilantly addressed to their several functions, he approached the ruin, where, through a rent in the gable, he caught something of their conversation.

"I say there is no time to be lost," observed one, "for they will be stirring presently, and we shall then have to deal with the whole."

"And what then?" inquired one of his companions, in a scornful tone.

"Why, we shall have to shed more blood than is necessary," answered the other.

"Hark! did you hear the screech-owl? She will wake them presently," said a third voice, which Buonaventuro recognised to be that of the farmer, their fellow-traveller; "and I see no reason for taking off more than one. The rest are worth nothing. And, in fact, by participating in their manifestations of alarm, and joining in their outcries, I can complete my journey home in their company, and escape suspicion."

"That is all you care for, Giuseppe!" exclaimed one of the assassins. "Every bloody business falls to our share. We kill and rob, and risk a yellow jacket and fifteen pounds of iron at our heels, while you enjoy the reputation of an honest man, and yet get most of the blunt. But, come; dip your fingers in the claret for once. Let us make clear work with them, muleteers and all; and afterwards set fire to the kennel."

"You are a headstrong fool, Francesco," answered the farmer coolly. "But do as you like. I am willing to be guided by you, provided our comrades are of the same mind."

"I tell you what," interposed a third speaker, "we shall waste the whole night in wrangling, and suffer the prize to slip out of our hands. Let two of us enter the stable, with lantern and dagger, and if any of the muleteers are stirring, despatch them: if not, let them sleep. Old Ambrogio is not worth killing; and, besides, what he has is ours whenever we please. The padre I should not like to touch. Our only proper prey is the Jew; and, if we can get at his *rhino* without letting blood, it were best leave the old misbeliever to find his way home with an empty pocket."

"But the two lawyers?" said Francesco.

"They are not worth powder and shot," answered Giuseppe. "But, hush! methought I heard a rustling in yonder wall."

"Here is fine foolery," interposed one of the gang. "Come, Giuseppe; lead the way into the house. I will go with thee,

and our comrades can proceed on the lookout, some to the stables, and others round about the mill."

Buonaventuro, trembling for his life, squeezed himself cautiously into the rent in the wall, while the remaining murderers came forth, and stood talking in the shelter of the mill. His blood appeared to run cold as he listened. His heart thumped against his breast, his knees smote against each other, and the breath came in short, broken, fluttering gasps to his lips. Their very language, intermingled with jests and oaths, seemed to be dripping with gore. Gladly would he have fled, had the way of flight lain through fire; gladly would he have given the alarm, and, if possible, have rescued the Jew from their daggers; but he was too closely hemmed in; ready poniards lay on every side; he felt as if already annihilated, and dreaded lest the drawing of his breath, or the beating of his heart, should betray him.

"How long they are!" exclaimed Francesco, returning from the stables. "Go, one of you, listen under the window. Perhaps the old Jew dies hard."

"And how did you find the fellows in the straw, Francesco?"

"Fast asleep, all that there were of them. But did not Giuseppe tell us there were five?"

"I think he did."

"Then one of them is missing."

"By Saint Dominic!"

"By any saint you please," muttered Francesco. "I hope the villain is not prowling about the premises. But, what is that? Per dio santo! they are bearing forth the Jew's carrion. Come, let us to them. Nay, if they will bring it hither, we may remain where we are."

Buonaventuro was now so overcome with terror that, had they retired but a few yards, he was determined, at all hazards, to have attempted his escape. The murderers, however, continued on the spot, and in a few seconds Giuseppe and his companion came up, bringing along with them the Jew, who, he could perceive, from their placing him on his feet, was still alive, though he spoke not. One of the bandits, taking a dark lantern from under his cloak, and withdrawing the screen, now threw a sudden stream of light on the face of Abednego, which was pale and bloody.

"Now, before we ungag thee," said Giuseppe, "attend to what I say. Answer whatever questions I may put, honestly, and in a low voice. Mind, we will have no quibbling; and if thou attempt to cry out, behold what awaits thee. Taste it, and try whether it be to thy liking."

And he thrust the point of a dagger into his cheek, once and again; while the wretched victim strained his bleeding mouth

to cry for mercy, but, finding he could not speak, bowed the head in token of obedience. They then gathered round him in a circle, to the number of twelve, one holding the lantern, the light of which streamed on their ferocious countenances and glittering daggers. Giuseppe then proceeded to ungag the Jew, and, this done, commenced his interrogations.

"Confess the truth," said he. "These bags of gold are the least part of thy ill-gotten wealth. Thou hast jewels concealed about thy person?"

"Have mercy on me," answered the Jew. "What you see is all I have, and it was not ill-gotten. I have toiled for it, sojourning in a strange land, for thirty years. Bereave me not entirely, I beseech you, before God! Spare me a little. At home I have many children, young and helpless, who, with their mother, look to these my hard earnings for bread. Let me not return to them penniless, and without hope; for the days of my labour, as you see, are nearly over."

"Cease thy prating," said Francesco, impatiently, "and let us see thy jewels."

"I have no jewels," answered the Jew.

"Unbelieving dog!" exclaimed Francesco, who appeared to be the most ferocious of the gang, "wilt thou palter with us? Canst thou not perceive we mean to spare thee, unless provoked by thy own wilfulness? We know the tricks of thy race. Even in your rags, in the plaits of your boots, in your hair, in your stomachs, there are concealed gems. Be quick, therefore, and turn out thy hoards!"

"By your heads!" replied Abednego, "spare me! I have nothing but what you see—"

"Hark! dost thou hear the screech-owl?" interrupted one of the murderers. "He is tolling thy knell from yonder ruin, and the demons are flitting around ready to receive thy soul. Canst thou not discern their faces, glaring upon thee out of the thick darkness?"

Abednego looked around him and shuddered.

"Quick, villain!" said Giuseppe, striking him on the mouth; "out with thy hoards. The dawn already begins to streak the clouds with grey above yonder mountain, and we must be off. By all the saints, therefore, if thou delayest us longer, we will kill thee, and thy blood be on thy own head!"

Abednego now fell on his knees before them, and in the most moving expressions, turning now to one, now to another, besought each to have mercy on him.

"Spare the days of a wretched old man!" exclaimed he. "You have already taken from me all my substance,—I have nothing hidden: you may search my garments, and

slay me if I lie. But, have mercy on my life. I am a husband and a father: by the souls of your children let me go! Let me share the bread of poverty with my little ones; let them close my eyes, that my dust may be mingled with that of my Miriam, in the land of my forefathers."

"Hang the old tadpole! let him go. Perhaps he has nothing more about him," said one of the bandits.

"May thy days be many!" exclaimed Abednego; "there is mercy in thy soul. I would that something were left me to bestow on thee. But, hold! here is my cloak. Wear it for my sake."

"Thy cloak, villain," said Francesco, laying hands on him, "why, thy very skin is ours; and darest thou talk of giving it to that numskull, the greatest milksop in the band? Give me thy cloak, and this thy gaberdine also."

"Mercy, mercy, mercy!—help! help!" exclaimed the old man, forgetting their menacing injunctions.

"What! thou wouldst betray us, wouldst thou?" said Francesco, seizing him by the throat, and plunging his dagger into his side.

"Hold, villain!" roared forth one of his companions, intercepting the second blow Francesco was aiming at his victim. "Wherefore should his blood be upon us? He has nothing. Let him pursue his way in peace."

But it was too late. The stiletto had passed through his heart, and, sinking with a groan upon the grass, the old man struggled for a moment, and then lay still. Buonaventuro, whose eyes were riveted on the scene, observed that this sudden catastrophe produced a momentary sensation of horror in the whole circle of murderers, who gazed with a blank, subdued look on the blood-stained garments and palled features of the Jew. The shock, however, was of brief duration. For, perceiving that the grey of the morning was advancing, they hastened to take up the corpse, and, retreating into the mill, cast it into the deep channel beneath the great wheel. They then divided the gold between them; after which all the others departed, and Giuseppe, washing his hands, and concealing his plunder about his person, cautiously crept into the house, and resumed his station in the corner where he had lain down in the evening.

Perceiving that all was again still, Buonaventuro now ventured forth from his hiding-place, and, looking wildly about, his imagination converting every inanimate object he saw into a murderer, made his way trembling back to the stable, where his companions were still asleep. Here he sat down, to calm his troubled thoughts, and determine in what manner he should act on the

ensuing day's journey, so as not to rouse prematurely the suspicions of Giuseppe, whom he designed to deliver into the hands of justice at the first town they should reach.

### Spirit of the Annals.

#### SCRAWING.

MISS EDGEWORTH justly remarks, in her "Essay on Irish Bulls," that, even in the slang of the common Irish, there is a figurative form of expression which that of the common English wants; and to prove it, she exhibits a specimen of both. That of the latter is unintelligible nonsense, where a word of uncouth sound, but utterly of unmeaning import, is substituted as a name for a thing well known; while that of the former is a string of metaphors and ingenious associations. So it is with Irish legends; there is a sense in their extravagance, a meaning or illusion of a very serious and solemn kind, mixed up with some of their wildest fictions, I attended, on one occasion, a funeral in Ireland, and an odd circumstance interrupted the service:—A cow followed the procession for a considerable distance along the road, and when the corpse was about to be interred, rushed in among the people, and attempted to toss the coffin on her horns; and it was with some difficulty she was driven away by the spades and shovels of the sexton. On our return we talked of the extraordinary impression made upon the senses of the animal, whether of sight, or sound, or smell, that had occasioned such an unusual excitement; but one of the company at once accounted for it by confidently asserting that the cow had not been scrawed. On asking him to explain what he meant by the expression, he did so in the following words: "There are three weeks," said he, "before and after Whitsuntide, that are called Trinity-weeks, and three days out of these are called cross-days; for if any thing, whether man or beast, be born on one of those days, it will surely have the blood of some person on it before it dies, barring it's scraw'd. Now, no one can tell which are the three cross-days of the Trinity; so whenever a child is born, or a calf is yeanned, about Whitsuntide, they lay it on the ground, and cut three scraws or sods, which are placed on it, so as that it is buried like, as soon as it comes into the world. After that, it becomes a new thing, and the evil of its old life is destroyed. A brother's son of my own was born on a Whitsun-Monday, which, they say, is the crossdest day in the year, so they thought it right to put the charm on him, and what do you think, but he died before the end of the year."—"Then the charm did him no service, it seems," said I.—"I ax your pardon, sir," said he, "it was all God's doing; he died before he had the blood of a

Christian on him, which God saw would happen to him if he did not in his mercy take him out of the way. My uncle's widow had a cow which calved on a Whitsun-Tuesday, so the neighbours said the calf ought to be scrawed; but the widow was a woman that got an edication up in Dublin, and she said it was all old woman's stories, and she would not have it done. One said she was right, and another said she was wrong, and at last it was agreed to ask the priest, and be said, as was proper, by his advice. Father Tom had a power of book-learning, surely, and a good man he was, but he had a prejudice like against the customs of the country, and was for setting his face against them; so when he came, he said it was a superstitious folly and the like, and he kicked the scraws into the gripe which they had just cut for the calf. Well, sir, the calf grew to be a cow, and a wicked cow she turned out. The widow's daughter, a slip of a girl about fourteen, was crossing the bawn one morning where she was milking, and the cow suddenly made at her, and she had just time only to clap the half-door of the bair after her, when the cow was upon her, and nearly broke the door to pieces trying to get at her. The mother, after this, repented that she would not suffer the evil thing to be taken out of the cow; but she made the best of a bad bargain, and sold her to a Quaker gentleman, who put her to graze on the hill of Rathcool. A farmer's wife, who lived near the hill, went out one day to buy huckstries, but it was a lone place, and she had far to go before she came to the shop. She was great with child, and near the down-lying, and she left seven more behind her on the floor. When she bought the little things she wanted, she put them in the tail of her petticoat, and turned it over her head, and was returning home over the hill. The cow let her pass till she got to the top, and turned down at the other side, and then she was seen like mad by some labourers digging potatoes, running up the hill after nobody, for the woman had disappeared at the other side. Well, sir, the woman's husband thought it long she was staying from the children, so he set out to look for her, and there he found her at the bottom of the hill quite dead; she was ripped up by the cow, and the twins that she was carrying lying beside her on the grass, and the cow, with her bloody horns, grazing near them.—"That's a sad story," said I.—"It surely is, sir," said the man, "but there's more of it yet. The creatures were brought home on a door, and put into the same coffin, and when they were waking, the cow came from the hill and ran bellowing about the house all night. And the next day, when they were brought to be buried, she followed the funeral to Rathcool churchyard, and when the coffin was laid down, ran in among the

people, like the cow to-day, and smelled to it, and it was as much as they could do with the spades and shovels to drive her away, and let the corpses be quietly buried."—"What was done with the cow at last?" said I.—"The neighbours," said he, "saw she was not right, and surely she was possessed by some bad thing on the cross-day, which was never charmed out of her. The woman's husband got a gun, and went to the gentleman that owned her, and insisted on shooting and burying her. The gentleman at first said again it. 'But,' says the man, 'if a Christian is put to death for killing another, why should not a beast, who sent not one but three persons to face their God without any preparation?' So he shot the cow out of hand, and then they dug a hole on the spot and buried her at last under the scraws, which they ought to have done at first, and so prevented all the mischief."—What became of the cow that disturbed our funeral I had no opportunity afterwards of knowing. It is highly probable she was put to death, and buried as possessed of some evil thing. It struck me, however, that regenerating the animal by scrawing, burying the old bad thing supposed to be in it, and so bringing a new creature to life, had its origin in a distorted and figurative view of a solemn religious impression. I found on inquiry, that a mischievous cow had actually done as the man had reported, and the vivid fancy of the people had accounted for it as he said, and treated the beast accordingly.—*The Amulet.*

### The Public Journals.

#### THE FOREST LORD.—A TALE FOR A CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

By Mary Howitt.

Now, listen, all ye children dear,  
To the tale that I shall tell—  
A gentle tale of wondrous things,  
That once in France befell.

#### PART I.

##### The Brother and Sister.

The brother to the sister spake :—

"There are none who for us care :  
Let us go out into the world,  
And seek our fortunes there.

"The world is large, I've heard them say,  
And wide as it can be ;  
There must be room, my sister dear,  
In it, for thee and me !"

The sister to the brother spake :—

"Oh, brother, dear," she cried,  
"We never have known a happy day  
Since our sweet mother died.

"Our father lies within the wood,  
Beneath the elm tree :—

'Twas a noble life we led i' th' wood,  
When the father was alive !

"Our mother lies beneath the sod,  
All under the white-rose tree ;  
And, in all the world, there is never a one  
To care for thee and me !"



Now they have neither house nor land,  
Nor gold, nor silver fair;  
And none will give a single groat  
Unto the lonely pair.

Said one—"Your father lived i' th' wood—  
A hunter wild was he;  
The while I delved, he shot the deer :—  
Ye shall have naught from me!"

Said one—"Your mother pinned her hair  
All with a golden pin;  
I wore a curch of linen cloth :—  
Ye naught from me shall win."

All angry grew the brother's soul,  
But never a word he said,  
But he took his sister by the hand,  
And to the wood they sped.

And many and many a day they went,  
Through the lonesome wood;  
And none were there to pity them,  
Or give them counsel good.

No house was there that sheltered them—  
No kindly hand that fed;  
They ate the forest-berries crude,  
And the forest was their bed.

And weary, weary grew they both,  
As hand in hand they went;  
Yet neither to the other told  
How they were travel-spent.

At length they saw a noble hart  
Fly past them like the wind;  
Nor were they aware of hunters strong,  
A-riding up behind.

Said the brother, with a merry laugh—  
"I'll kill that noble deer,  
And make a fire, as we were wont,  
And dress the venison here!"

With that he slung a forest-stone,  
Like an arrow from a bow—  
The flying deer he made a bound,  
Then on the turf lay low.

With that uprose a furious cry,  
From the hunters fierce and brown;  
And each man from his panting steed  
Leaped in a moment down.

They seized the brother by the arm—  
The sister pale with fear—  
And swore that he should die that day,  
For killing of the deer.

All with their heavy bows of steel,  
The noble boy they beat;  
And spurned the sister as she knelt  
To pray for mercy sweet.

Then up they took the bleeding deer,  
From the greensward where it lay;  
And springing to their pawing steeds,  
They galloped thence away.

## PART II.

*The Hall of the Elmin Trees.*

Upon a little bed of moss,  
The brother pale is sleeping;  
And o'er him bends his sister dear—  
But she has done with weeping.

"He will not die," she whispers low;  
"He looks not like our mother,  
Nor like our father when he died—  
I shall not lose my brother!"

And then from off the bushes green,  
Within the forest woody,  
She gather'd berries many a one,  
All juicy, ripe, and ruddy.

And honey from the wild-bees' nest—  
She knew he loved it dearest;  
And roots that had a healing power,  
And water of the clearest.

She twined the leafy branches round—  
A greenwood chamber making;

Then sat she down among the moss,  
To wait for his awaking.

All day he slept : but with the eve  
He woke, and laugh'd outright;  
For his cruel pains had left him then,  
And he was healed quite.

"Now," said the little sister dear,  
"About this spot we'll bide;  
The savage hunters come not here,  
A-riding in their pride."

Then her brother turned him round about,  
And "Sister dear," quoth he,  
"I'll make those savage hunters yet  
To have a fear of me!"

Then he took his sister by the hand,  
And onward did they go,  
Until they came to the elmins five,  
That over the grave did grow;

Until they came to the white-rose tree  
That blossom'd all the year;  
Then spoke the brother, stern and strong,  
Unto the sister dear—

"Five wands from off the elmin trees"—  
And he cut them while he spake—  
"Five wands from off the elmin trees  
My forest-hall shall make.

"And a rose from off the white-rose tree"—  
And he plucked the while a flower—  
"One rose from off the white-rose tree  
Shall make for thee a bower.

"The Duke is lord in Burgundy,  
The King o'er France doth reign—  
But I'll be lord of the forest wide,  
And lead a gallant train!"

Then he took his sister by the hand,  
And back again did go,  
Unto the quiet place that lay  
Within the forest low.

And the five wands of the elmin trees  
He stuck into the ground;  
And the leaves from off the white rose  
He scattered all around.

And aye they grew, and aye they thriv'd;  
And a wonder 'twas to see  
The five dry wands of elmin wood,  
Each shut into a tree.

And every leaf of that white rose  
It sprang into a flower;  
And the flowers all into trees did grow,  
And made a lady's bower.

And the five tops of the elmin trees  
He tied into a dome:  
"And this," the noble brother spake,  
"Shall be our forest-home."

## PART III.

*The Forest Lord.*

"Now, who is it that rules this land?"  
A holy hermit cried :—  
"Who is the lord of this green wood;  
For here I would abide?"

"'Tis a noble boy," the people said,  
"Who now doth rule the wood;  
Thou mayst scoop thy cell, and bless thy well,  
For he will do thee good!"

"Now, who is he that rules this land?"  
A peasant-man did cry;  
"For our liege lord is stern and bad,  
And hither I would fly!"

"'Tis a noble youth," the people spake;  
"Thou need'st not be afraid,  
For all oppressed and injured men  
Fly unto him for aid.

"And he hath a band of merry men,  
Who under the branches fare—  
'Tis a pleasant life that he and his men  
Lead in the forest there!"

" Now, where is one shall do me right ?"  
A widow pale she cried :  
" Oh, where is one to take my part,  
Against a man of pride !"

" Come down with us to the forest green,  
To the hall of the elmin tree ;  
Come down with us !" the people cried,  
" And a champion thou shalt see !"

All down in the forest green and still  
What joy it was to go ;  
And to see all round, among the trees,  
A hamlet still and low !

To see the women at their doors,  
A-spinning in the sun,  
And the brawny penants wrestling,  
When the daily work was done !

What joy to hear the hermit's hymn  
Come from his mossy cell ;  
And to see the bending traveller  
Drink at the wayside well !

What joy to hear the happy voice  
Of children at their play ;  
Or the quiet low of peaceful herds  
That in the forest stray !

But a greater joy it was to see,  
All clothed in forest-green,  
The sister dear so beautiful,  
That was fit to be a queen.

But the greatest joy of all it was,  
The noble boy to see,  
Who thus his pleasant dwelling made  
Within the forest free !

The savage hunters fear him now,  
Who were so fierce afore ;  
For sternly thus the boy he spoke—  
" These men shall hunt no more !

" Now go ye down, my fellows brave,  
And out these hunters seek ;  
For not again these cruel men  
Shall lord it o'er the weak !"

They took those hunters in their den—  
Those cruel men of blood ;  
And trembling, pale, and terrified,  
Before the boy they stood.

" We did not know, indeed," said they,  
" That thou wouldst be a king ;  
We did not know, or else, be sure,  
We had not done this thing !"

The noble boy grew darkly red—  
" Now shame upon you fall !"  
Said he, " for that ye have misused  
The feeble and the small !

" Ye shall be men of power no more,  
As ye were wont to be—  
Ye shall be poor and weak yourselves,  
And subject unto me !"

He made them plough the forest bower ;  
The wood he made them fell ;  
And, for the feeble and the poor,  
Fetch water from the well.

The Duke was lord of Burgundy  
The King in France did reign ;  
But the Boy he was the forest-lord,  
And led a gallant train !

*Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## The Gatherer.

**Wine and Water.**—A water-drinking squire would fain have persuaded some of his brother squires to adopt his specific, as the only certain preventive of gout ; but in this he met with poor success. I was once witness to his reducing one of them by degrees

to half a pint of sherry, and he began to flatter himself the victory was gained. But approaching him one morning with a very hypochondriac countenance, his refractory patient thus addressed him : " I really think, my good friend, I am too far gone for all this." And so he was ; for that very evening he returned to his bottle, the next to two bottles, and in a very few years to the dust from whence he sprang.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

**The late Major Cartwright.**—The monument erected in Finchley churchyard, over the remains of Major Cartwright, has recently been pulled down, and a much more splendid one substituted. It bears the following inscription :—" In this place are deposited the remains of John Cartwright, the son of William and Ann Cartwright, Commander in the Royal Navy, and many years Major in the Nottingham Militia. He was the author of various works on legislation ; the earliest, most strenuous, and disinterested Reformer of his time ; the intrepid advocate of liberty, whose labours for the public good terminated only with his life, on the 23rd of September, 1834 ; aged 84. Also the remains of his beloved wife, Anne Catherine Cartwright, who died on the 21st of December, 1834."

M. Hersart de la Villemarqué, a student of the *Ecole des Chartes*, has lately discovered in the sacristan of the parish of the Montagnes-Noires, the precious Ossianic poems of the bard Guin-Clen, supposed to have been the famous Merlin, so celebrated in legendary romance. M. Guizot intends to have those valuable relics translated and published.

**The Stuarts** were a wrong-headed race or had to rule a vicious people. James I. was assassinated ; James II. was killed by accident ; James III. was murdered ; James IV. was killed at Flodden ; James V. died of grief ; Henry, Lord Darnley, was murdered ; his wife, Queen Mary, was beheaded by Elizabeth ; Charles I. was beheaded ; James II. died in exile ; the Duke of Monmouth was beheaded.

An engineer of Brest has just invented a piece of mechanism to propel ships, and which will be concealed under water.

Since the establishment of Temperance Societies in America, 1,500,000 individuals have been incorporated in those societies ; 12,000 noted drunkards have reformed ; 4,000 distilleries have been suppressed ; 8,000 dealers in spirits have taken down their sign-boards, and 1,200 trading vessels have abstained from taking in cargoes of spirits.—*Paris Advertiser.*

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